rance, and al the preparation ouerthrowne.

Iohn Grow this to what aduerſe iſſue it can, I will put it in practiſe: be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thouſand ducates.

Bor. Be you conſtant in the accuſation, and my cunning ſhall not ſhame me.

Iohn I will preſently go learne their day of marriage. *exit*

Enter Benedicke alone.

Bene. Boy.

Boy Signior.

Bene. In my chamber window lies a booke, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already ſir. *exit.*

Bene. I know that, but I would haue thee hence and here againe. I do much wonder, that one man ſeeing how much another man is a foole, when he dedicates his behauiours to loue, wil after he hath laught at ſuch ſhallow follies in others, becom the argument of his owne ſcorne, by falling in loue, and ſuch a man is Claudio, I haue knowne when there was no muſique with him but the drumme and the fife, and now had he rather heare the taber and the pipe: I haue knowne when he would haue walkt ten mile afoot, to ſee a good armour, and now wil he lie ten nights awake caruing the faſhion of a new dublet: he was woont to ſpeake plaine, and to the purpoſe (like an honeſt man and a ſouldier) and now is he turnd ortography, his words are a very fantaſticall banquet, iuſt ſo many ſtrange diſhes: may I be ſo conuerted and ſee with theſe eies? I cannot tell, I thinke not: I wil not be ſworne but loue may transforme me to an oyſter, but ile take my oath on it, till he haue made and oyſter of me, he ſhall neuer make me ſuch a foole: one woman is faire, yet I am well, an other is wiſe, yet I am well: an other vertuous, yet I am wel: but till all graces be in one woman, one womā ſhal not com in my grace: rich ſhe ſhal be thats certain, wiſe, or ile none, vertuous, or ile neuer cheapen her: faire, or ile neuer looke on her, mild, or come not neare me, noble, or not I for an angell, of good diſcourſe, an excellent muſitian, and her haire

haire ſhall be of what colour it pleaſe God, hah! th
monſieur Loue, I wil hide me in the arbor.

Enter prince, Leonato, Claudio, Muſicke.

Prince Come ſhall we heare this muſique?

Claud. Yea my good lord: how ſtil the euenin
As huſht on purpoſe to grace harmonie!

Prince See you where Benedicke hath hid him

Claud. O very wel my lord: the muſique end
Weele fit the kid-foxe with a penny worth.

Enter Balthaſer with muſicke.

Prince Come Balthaſer, weele heare that song

Balth. O good my lord, taxe not ſo bad a voi
To ſlaunder muſicke any more then once.

Prince It is the witneſſe ſtill of excellencie,
To put a ſtrange face on his owne perfection,
I pray thee ſing, and let me wooe no more.

Balth. Becauſe you talke of wooing I will ſin
Since many a wooer doth commence his ſute,
To her he thinkes not worthy, yet he wooes,
Yet will he ſweare he loues.

Prince Nay pray thee come,
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
Theres not a note of mine thats worth the notin

Prince Why theſe are very crotchets that he
Note notes forſooth and nothing.

Bene. Now diuine aire, now is his ſoule ra
ſtrange that ſheepes guts ſhould hale ſoules o
dies? well a horne for my mony when alls done.

The Song.

Sigh no more ladies, ſigh no more,
Men were deceiuers euer,
One foote in ſea, and one on ſhore,
To one thing conſtant neuer,
Then ſigh not ſo, but let them go,
And be you blith and bonnie,